

A TYPICAL LOCAL - PITTSBURG, KANSAS



**PSYCHO  
MOTOR  
DISORDER**

P.O. BOX 733, JOPLIN MO. 64802-0733





Same story, we're always looking for contributors and you can send submissions to P.M.D.: P.O. B. 733, Joplin MO. 64802-0733. No homophobic, sexist, or racist material (NO FUN). We can get all that shit from Rush Limbaugh. Maybe you should drop him a line I'm sure he'd appreciate it.

## PMD Classyfyfieds

**SBIM:** Big mama, big mama, where for art thou, big mama. You-Single, 18-25, less than 4'6", 250+ lbs. The bigger the cushion, the better the pushin'. The larger the muffins, the greater the lovin'. Give my boney frame a chance to ride your waves. Yee-Haw, I loves them big poopers.

**Opportunity:** Independent company in charge of off-beat films is seeking young, adventurous individuals to star in "real life" movies. Contact S.N.U.F.F. films inc.

thing. Unless you're interested. And strongly resemble Dan Cortese. Gender not important.

**Female** looking for same. No fats, no fems, no studmuffins, no dweebs, no ginks, no low-ballers, no high-toned women, no men, no, no, Nanette.

**NO! Nobody. Go 'way.**

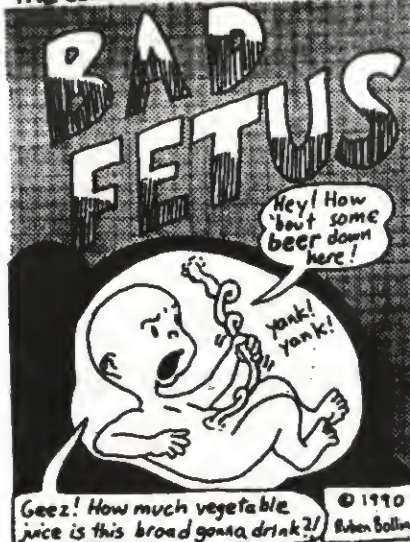
**Damn you, Crow Dickerson, where the hell are you? When I find you I'm either gonna' love you as hard as a biker chick can, or do a wheelie on your face until you die screaming, you son-of-a-bitch. Love, Winter. Winter, where are you? Crow.**





THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF:

YOU'LL REMEMBER FROM LAST WEEK'S EPISODE THAT FRANKIE HAS BEEN ARRESTED FOR KILLING A POLICE OFFICER!



THE NATION IS IN AN UPROAR! POLITICAL CONSERVATIVES ARE PARTICULARLY BAFFLED BY THE ISSUE!



## NEW STUFF WORTH NOTING (NOTHING?) AROUND THE GLOBE BY MIKE

Believe it or not, those who dare to venture beyond their local chain book or record store will find some terrific mind-expanding material brewing just beneath the surface of the mass media. Here's some cool stuff I've stumbled upon.

-- Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's latest opus, Songs of the Doomed. This was actually published a little over a year ago, but I just recently found a copy at a discount book store. More weird, wild stuff from the prince of Gonzo journalism, including a savage account of his recent arrest

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film -- One of Bruce's last performances (Aug. 1965), recently re-released through Rhino Home Video. Includes the animated short "Thank You Masked Man". A lot of cool stuff coming from Rhino lately, including The Beat Generation, a boxed CD-set including spoken-word segments from Kerouac, Ginsberg, etc., as well as some great Bebop recordings from the era. Call 1-800-827-4466 for a free Rhino catalog.

-- Parasol Records are finally printing a catalog!! Ah, no more cheezie fly-used albums, 7" singles, and CD's, as well as exclusively distributing a handful of underground labels (inc. Cargo and Mud). (217) 384-4835 is Urbana, IL 61801.

-- Underground Publications: Just because you're hopelessly addicted to PMD doesn't mean you shouldn't read other stuff! Unless you're willing to drive to Springfield or Tulsa, the U.S Postal Service is your primary outlet in this dept. High Times & Reflex are still available locally, but other than that, forget it, unless you're into the Rolling Creem Parader school of journalism. Some cool rags I've come across (ooh) recently include: Utne Reader, The Nose, The Progressive, among others. Go find this stuff and get educated!!

-- Anyone with a satellite dish needs to check out "Free Air", a three-hour, open forum music and news program on the Let's Talk Radio Network (LTRN). Hosted by Josh Taylor and sometimes the now world-famous Mike (no relation), this Show is broadcasted from Josh's home studio her in Joplin, and features great alternative music, socio-political debates / discussions, and general weirdness. The show is Thursdays at 9 P.M. central, and can be found on Spacenet 3, Channel 21, 5.8 wide-band audio (sub-carrier).

I think that's it!!! 'Til next time, prey for piece.



# IT'S OKAY TO LIKE THIS BAND



**PMD: How long have you been playing in Syphilis?**

Peter: Since June '92. I played music for thirteen years... Syphilis, six months

**Were you and James in any bands together before Syphilis?**

James: Yeah, it was very short lived. And very infamous.

P: We were called the Slumlords and we never played a gig, ever.

J: We practiced a few times.

P: We were going to play a gig and James lived with his folks in Sioux City and we were going to play in the basement but we set the basement on fire, kind of.

J: Did some damage to it.

P: And James panicked a little bit... Maybe not, but anyway that kind of took care of that. No more gigs in the basement. So not really, no. Well we had one band with songs like "War Is Neat" we went rioting in the streets, all that sort of thing. About three years ago? Two years?

J: Something like that '89, I think.

**What are your influences? I'm not talking musical. What about literary influences?**

J: A lot of our songs are just that. These assholes just come up with the music.

(noise in the background)

J: Jeezus Fuck me

P: Hey we're doing an interview in here you maggots. (Laughter)

J: Any way, a lot of it they just come up with the music and I don't

"What is this shit? This is crazy. These guys are fucking insane."

have any lyrics at the time. A lot of our songs don't have "lyrics", they're different every time.

P: Oh that's not...

J: No that's true,

P: Some have definite lyrics

**Are they written more in the first person?**

J: Yes they are almost all in the first person I guess.

P: Literary influences, James has a fucking library of over 500 books.

J: The partial literary influence for me even in naming the band Charles Baudelaire, Brian Geissen.

P: Lyrically I would say that is the

Record Reviews. Am I really the most qualified person to do this? I think not.

**Anal Babes** - *Fear & Loathing E.P.* Phased-out hardcore from Norway. Hey, these guys don't sound Norwegian. Yummpin' Yimminy!

**Bratmobile** - *Kiss & Ride E.P.* Early B-52 sounds from this all-girl Seattle band. Yes, they could have jumped on the "Grunge" bandwagon and made it big. 1,000,000,000 Bonus points for not selling out.

**Brian Eno/John Cale** - *Ring of Fire/Shuffle Down to Woodbridge*. This promo only on clear vinyl proves Eno should not be allowed to put out that *Nerve Net* shit. Cash's classic *Ring of Fire* takes a sinister twist with Eno accompanied only by a guitar. Now this is Ambient music!

**Fur** - *Pagan High School*. Great first showing from two drunks & two fiends. One listen to this and I dusted off the old skateboard and dodged rush-hour traffic.

**The Queers** - *Love songs for the Retarded*. Fuck, am I pissed! These guys are great. Not since the Ramones released their first album have I been this excited about a band. Guaranteed to revive your love of punk rock. Nice clean rhythms, simple, well constructed tunage. Four-and-one half-inch armor plated songs. (HUH?). *Personal to Joe Queer: I hate the Dead? At least its better than techno-pop remixes. Hate Billy Idol, Dude!*

**Ramones** - *Mondo Bizarro*. Another Ramones album. 'Nuff said.

**Screeching Weasel** - *My Brain Hurts/Wiggle Fully* automatic Uzi Rapid fire delivery...& hilariously funny to boot. Gets my wife's good housekeeping seal of approval. Fun, fun, fun!

**Syphilis** - *Roman Carnival Music*. Eight-song cassette E.P. "Songs to fuck by". If you saw these guys at Club Spam then no explanation necessary.

**Tesco Vee/Just Say No** - *Fuck Straight-Edge E.P./Tesco Vee's Hate Police Hot Rails to Hell (bw) Nervous Breakdown*. Testosterone-pumping hardcore. Covers the *Flx's Vengeance & Gangrene's Alcohol*. Tesco speaks to Satan. Raw, crude, and nasty.

**Tribe 8** - *Pig Bitch*. If your local record shop doesn't carry Tribe 8, demand that they do ASAP or you'll drive a semi-truck full of nitrate-based fertilizer through their front door, or something like that.

**V/A** - *There's a Dyke in the Pit/There's a Faggot in the Pit*. Queer punks!!!! Isn't it grand starting out life with two strikes against you? Required listening for anyone who even remotely likes punk rock. We're here, we're queer, get use to it.

Well, that's all for now. Think I'll go draw a nice hot bath, soak in it, and cut my wrists. Wanna' join me?



**OKAY**, So youse guys didn't send in any questions to **EDDY**. So here's a syndicated column by my old pal **Dr. Science**. It's pretty good, and youse burns don't even deserve a second chance.

*Love you's & ass holes XX Eddy*

Basically Bob, cellophane is a highly

evolved grocery bag. Grocery bags in their natural state, the slots at the end of checkout lanes, are a disgruntled species. They are depressed because they know an underpaid teenager will soon throw heavy, leaky, and perishable objects into them. They know that a consumer will use them to line a garbage can, and they will be forced to consume coffee grounds, and eggshells. Not bright enough to perceive the benefits of psychoanalysis, they turn to plastic surgery, transforming themselves into sheels of clear sticky plastic. These are then wrapped around half-eaten pieces of fruit or casseroles and thrown into the trash. To my mind there's no improvement here at all, but then I'm a scientist. I don't buy groceries.

**Dear Dr. Science:**

When people drink eggnog, what part of the egg is the nog?

B. Moore, Silver Lake, Cal.

The nog is the slippery membrane most people peel off hard boiled eggs. In old England, the peasants had no source of protein and were forced to eat rodents and cobwebs to stay alive, but at Xmas time the wealthy would shave the nog off their eggs and share them with the poor. This was then made into a thin distasteful drink, which nobody could tolerate, until Robin Hood and his merry men learned it could be drunk if you put enough rum in it. The rest is holiday history and mindless tradition.

**DR. SCIENCE**



**Dear Dr. Science:**

What would happen if the speed of light were only 60 mph?

Curious Cora, St. Paul, Minn.

As we approach the speed of light, the aging process slows down. So if the speed of light were 60 mph, we would have even more people speeding, especially older people trying to stay young. As a matter of fact, physics would demand that we go faster than the speed of light, otherwise we'd chase our own tails. The safest thing is to drive at a steady sixty to keep time and the highway patrol off our neck. Airplanes would become obsolete in this slow light world, because you would be going so fast, relatively speaking, you'd be back before you even left. This would make business trips unnecessary, and lead to economic collapse. So, to answer your question, life, if the speed of light were 60 mph, would be youthful, fast, and dark.

**Dear Dr. Science:**

Why is cellophane clear?

B. Greenfield, Seattle, Wash.

school, Baudelaire, Rimbaud. Actually all of my bands literally & literary were influenced by Charles Berkotsky. Oh, definitely. The label that Kid Death, Syphilis & Fur are on, Lowbrow records. But that's all street-level stuff you know, giving plasma, begging, collecting cans and all that shit. But I'm speaking for myself. Yeah, of all the contemporary writers, Berkotsky.

**It seems like a lot of bands these days are putting out stuff on their own labels.**

P: There's lots of labels and Kid

**Figure things out for yourself. You are who you have to be. It's pretty simple.**

Death has had offers, okay. But it's just bogus. We've had offers from small indie labels but it would cost the same amount of money for us to put it out ourselves. So it's just cool you know, to put out your own. And then you shop that around to a bigger indie label like whatever, Triple X or who knows. As for majors, I don't think you'll see Syphilis on Warner Brothers. Although Flaming Lips are on Warner Brothers.

**What's probably the worst reaction you've had to one of your shows?**

J: Probably King's Court when everybody loved it.  
P: Lincoln-The Edge.  
J: The Edge, some techno bar... Well actually a wanna-be tech-no bar. Just a bunch of pretentious little beer drinking/back stabbing/Depeche Mode listening college

kids.

P: It was called "Lincoln's only

post modern dance club", right. And

people were coming up to the bar

owner and shaking him saying,

"What is this shit? This is crazy.

These guys are fucking insane."

James was rolling around in blood

and glass. It was pretty nauseating.

J: The place was disgusting.

P: And it wasn't that bad.

**What's your next stop?**

J: It's a place called the Red &

Black Cafe. We might have a similar

P: Which would be some sort of

riot.

J: We were discussing some sort

of escape route.

**Hey, and I'll get grandma Moses**

**to come meet you and act as secu-**

**rity.**

P: There you go. We want granny

Hello Brady, fuck you anyway. Print

that please. Fuck head. Anyway, you

little hippy asshole. And speaking of

hippies... Yeah I'm sure there will be a

lot of hippies there (sings)

hippeees. It will be a lot of "folks"

sitting around sipping cappuccino

that they pay three dollars for and

discussing and reading about.

**Yes they are disgustingly civil**

**aren't they.**

P: Yeah, disgusting and reading

things.

J: Yes, they're very correct, YEAH.

P: You can suck a dick and lick

pussy, but we don't want to hear

about it. Then we'll be offended.

Reality will confront them and they

Syphilis' stage of the game that's

what we want. Panic, pretty much.

**James said something interest-**



ing to the audience tonight. And I'm paraphrasing here: "Get your fucking life together before you try to take on the rest of the world".

J: I believed that for a long time. That goes into a lot of my personal beliefs. I don't believe that anyone can teach, well let me back off from that a little bit. The only way anyone can teach is by example. And the whole trend in everything since the industrial revolution has been to try and legislate human thought. The American liberals are just as bad.

P: Or worse.

J: Just like the German fascists. Figure things out for yourself. You are who you have to be. If you want to overthrow the government you can do it quite effectively in your own per-

If you like shit, you like shit. You can't say, "Oh no, I don't like that because it's not underground."

sonal life. It's pretty simple.

P: That's the problem I have with P.C. is that no one is going to tell me what to say. To come right to the point if I choose to say nigger, faggot, bitch, spick, wop, whatever, of course I have every right to say it. Say it with a fucking mega-phone. You can't tell people whether or not to say things. You can't legislate morality. Even if it's stupid, people have the right to be stupid. I have no desire to scream nigger, whatever. But if someone does and their a fascist that makes me sick. It makes me as sick as the Klan. It's the same

thing. I'd say Syphilis has no sympathy for the American liberal party or the American any fucking party. American Syphilis party.

**Where do I sign up?**

P: Right on.

J: Actually, we have very few sympathies for each other.

P: Oh, we're a sympathetic lot. We take care of each other.

J: That's true.

P: I would die for you James. In fact I think I have, many times. It's like the name of our label, Lowbrow, when we have the ad for the first of our singles it's going to say "Fuck alternative. Fuck P.C.. Fuck Tipper Gore." Down a little farther, "Fuck you."

**Alternative is a fairly misused term.**

P: It's useless. It means nothing. In the 70's they called punk rock new wave because everyone was afraid of punk rock. And so alternative, progressive, post-modern are all corporate terms invented by men in suits and they pawn and sell many records. So it's nothing, absolutely meaningless. You know, alternative to what? Syphilis is not an alternative band.

**You can drive yourself crazy playing that game.**

P: Fuck yeah. If I tried to play that game with any of my bands I couldn't play. Tone it down? I'd never tone it down for anyone for any reason. Never have, never will. There's no point. Like when I was in high school I wore skirts and nylons to school which was fairly shocking back then. Now I still wear skirts because I like them. The point is, I like to wear dresses, I'm not doing it to get a response. I don't give a fuck what

GRUNGE GRIME

INFECTIOUS SLIME

MY GUTS TWIST OUT OF PLACE

HAPPY HELL

COMMUNITY WELL

SHE SPREAD HER LEGS & IN I FELL

FURY FUCK

MIND OF MUCK

I CAME ONTO HER FACE

DUNGEON DARK

LONELY PARK

I'M IN A DREARY CELL

PUTRID PAIN

PERSONAL GAIN

SHE PUT ME HERE 2 DAY

LOST LOVE

WITHOUT A SHOVE

I MISS HER ANYWAY



P.S. Do you beleive Jesus Christ was a real person?



**Nekromantik (1988)**  
**Nekromantik 2 (1990)**

So, you think you've seen it all?

Walk into any video store around here and ask for either of these films. I guarantee they will not know what you are talking about.

These films are some pretty sick puppies, and I have endured much on the unwatchable scale.

Not to say that Jorge Buttgereit's two masterpieces of corpse-banging unadulterated balls-to-the-wall horror won't entertain. In fact, they are very well made, but they are not for everyone's tastes.

The most jaded video viewer will have his mouth open during much of the films. This is the hazy nightmare opus that tests your endurance, and somehow, it leaves you very depressed after watching either volume, not unlike watching COMBAT SHOCK or TAXI DRIVER, or even ERASERHEAD.

Let's see: Rob carries home pieces from road accidents to show his wife. Not content with just collecting the parts, they try to spice up their sex life with a stolen fresh corpse. A condom and broom handle later, his wife leaves him to his own devices...however, he cannot perform with a living girl, and must make the necessary changes, ultimately deciding that suicide is the final orgasm and offs himself.

Part two picks up the pieces (sorry couldn't help myself) with a girl discovering Rob's corpse, and needing something to give her sustenance ...and you can pretty much guess it from there.

Part Two tries to outgross the first film, but merely succeeds in pushing

the occasional erotic image in your face, and it never maintains the shock level that NEKROMANTIK delivers to the balls.

For those brave enough, and if they think they can stomach it, these two films offer enough perverse images and gore to get the flippant video viewer to take heed.

And I'm not talking the FACES OF DEATH crap or any of the news footage compilation/blooper events with rodeo/sports accident tapes. ('Oooh! Look Bob! That driver was decapitated! That must have hurt!') This is fiction, not reality, although I'm not sure which makes sense.

The subject of necrophilia has always left me cold...



someone else thinks. The best example I can think of musically is if someone asked me if I liked Guns & Roses, I'd say yeah, because of course I do. If I said no to be alternative then I'd be full of shit. Whatever music I like, whatever anything I like, even if it's Stephen King. If you like shit, you like shit. You can't say, "Oh no, I don't like that because it's not underground."

**So their closeted; they wont admit to it.**

P: Absolutely, and when people see Syphilis it's like James was saying, they don't know what the fuck to do. And the natural response is to hate it because they don't understand it.

**They feel threatened. Maybe If you were to say, "Come up here and suck my cock.", In the back of their mind they want to do it.**

P: They all want to suck cock of course. Who wouldn't? It's fun you know. No one told them whether they could like us or not. They didn't read about us in the Village Voice, Spin or an underground 'zine. Oh, this band's okay to like. This one's not.

**Well In our article we'll print in bold headlines, "It's okay to like this band." We'll give them our permission.**

P: I think some rock journalists could learn from people like Lester Bangs who told it like it was and wasn't afraid of anything. Right now in rock journalism there's a big fucking void and it hasn't meant anything except you can like this band, or you can't. They don't even comment on the music or the lyrics. They comment on things the band themselves wouldn't even understand if they read it.

**Do you think that It's all pretty much been done as far as musically? And should that be an issue?**

P: I like rock & roll. I'm not interested in breaking new ground. Like the Pistols did, like Throbbing Gristle. That's very important and I'm glad they did it. I'm glad Iggy, the Dolls, Patti Smith and so on and so forth came along when they did. I'm not interested in creating a new form of music, I just want to play rock & roll and interpret that anyway you want.

**I can't play guitar to save my life. It looks good on me and I make neat sounds with it. I can't fucking play, I just go 'wing,wing, bang'.**

To create good music, to create heartfelt music. The same as Chuck Berry, or the Ramones, whatever. The same chords E & A and an attitude. How you interpret those things you know. Syphilis has four chords and twelve songs, right (laughs). People come up to me and say, "Oh gosh, your a great guitarist". I can't play guitar to save my life. It looks good on me and I make neat sounds with it. I can't fucking play, I just go "wing wing bang". I don't have an infatuation with new. I care about quality.

J: That's fine. I agree with all of that. The other thing with new that just hits me right off the bat is that it's imbecilic. Because any song you make is new. You just did it, it's dif-



ferent every time you play it. It's new right then, who the fuck cares.

P: The new Bon Jovi record is new music.

**You have a 7" coming out in 93?**

P: Let me calculate here. Probably by March or April. I'll say one more thing on the "new" thing. What James said is totally right. When you went to Club Slam that night you probably thought, oh no, another boring night. *Wrong*. It might sound conceited, it's not conceited, it's true. You were affected and we were affected. That's what it's all about. You didn't go "Oh Brady just had a bunch of shit". That's new. (Sounds of an orgy going on in the front room) I think someone's having sex in the

of the board and say, "Shit, let's turn it all up". No concept of how it works.

**And when you get mega-popular we'll have to hate you.**

P: Yes you will.

**And you won't talk to us.**

P: That's very true. But in our hearts we wanted to be hated all along.

**So, it's actually the ultimate. Isn't it?**

J: I want to be hated by the right people.

P: Of course.

I want people to get off, but if they don't, go away. Or better yet, stay there and wonder why you want to suck James' cock. And go home and fuck your dog. Or have double penetration with eels.

**Maybe that's the reason people don't like it. You don't fit into their neat little boxes.**

P: Yeah, that's true. We decided Syphilis fits into nothing. Sub Pop, Seattle sound we're not; Minneapolis, Amphetamine Reptile sound we're not. I'm kinda old fashioned. If someone called us punk rock I'd say sure. I'm not speaking for anyone else in the band here. That's the kind of music I grew up on. Sure, there's all sorts of other things thrown in. You could call us Da Da punk rock.

**Any closing comments for your adoring public?**

J: Syphilis has no doctrine. Stand for nothing / represent nothing / support nothing / condemn even less.

P: To thine own self be beaten.

J: Cut the crap.

**Send correspondence to:**

**Syphilis c/o**

**Sin City Productions**

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**Sloux City, Iowa 51104**

as pleasant as possible. I admire the shape of his skull, and he then shoos Kristen away to help other customers.

"Ah...What films would those be? We carry no pornographic.."

"Yes, and that's only one of your problems."

I point to Ken Russell's latest film "Whore". Only, it isn't called "Whore" in this wonderland, it has been retitled "If You Can't Say It, Just See It".

"What is this?"

"It's the only version of the film we would carry. It seems that particular film is supposed to glamorize the act of prostitution."

"And 'Pretty Woman' didn't?"

"Well...you have to understand that Julia Roberts is in that film, and besides, she practiced safe sex by using condoms. People just love Julia Roberts."

"She didn't use a condom when she went down on Richard Gere the first time. This might be the only reason some people rent this film."

I thank this man for his time and comment that I will just 'browse' for any titles that strike my fancy.

I will give this store some credit. They do have a great selection of foreign films, and most of their Horror Science Fiction is relatively up to date. Some of the more obscure titles they offer include: Female Trouble, Attack of the Crab Monsters, Liquid Sky, Down By Law, and even Ed Wood's Orgy of the Dead! I haven't burned my card yet, but sometimes it's been tempting.

Do they really need 20 copies of 'Cool As Ice'?

And more distressing is the fact that all copies were checked out. Surely there wasn't that many lapses

in bad taste in one evening, could there have been?

Ah, well, I wandered over and snatched up 'Shock Treatment', the 1980 quasi-sequel to 'Rocky Horror'

"Is there a problem?", he asks in the 'Please don't leave without renting something' tone of voice

that no one else but me seems to have liked.

I plunked the cassette down on the counter. Kristen was checking. "Ooooh, sounds scary", she said in a tone that let me know that she didn't know what she was talking about.

I paid and left. Meanwhile, a couple passed me going into the store. They were young, and were probably going to have a 'video date'. "I hope 'Cool As Ice' is in!"

-HEH

**Actually, we have very few sympathies for each other**

next room, that's new.

**So, do you have a studio?**

P: Oh no, nothing like that.

**Well, you know what I mean.**

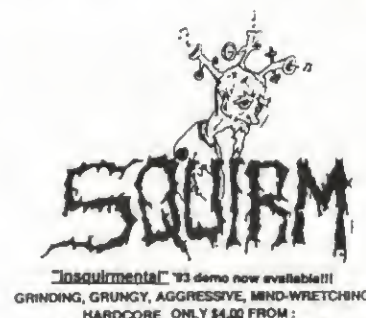
P: No. Please elaborate.

**Did you use a four track.**

P: Oh sure. The first two tapes, Fur and Syphilis were done on a four track, but the Kid Death single that's coming out will be recorded in an actual studio. And the Fur and Syphilis singles that will be coming out later will be recorded there too.

J: We can go in and remaster.

P: The guy there is really, really very cool. He says, "Here's the board, I won't say anything. Whatever sound you want I will try to do." I'm not a technician, I get in front



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## VIDEODRONE: EXPERIENCES IN THE MAIN- STREAM

Next time I am bored (Which is most of the time) I will usually kill an hour or two nosing through the new releases in the local video store. No crime here and most of the workers leave me alone, since my tastes run from the offbeat, and they usually never have anything I want or would consider renting.

It's also a great place to watch people. You can judge a lot about someone by what they rent. Nothing brings a small snicker from me like hearing some comment such as: "Oh, damn! All the copies of 'Curly Sue' are out!".

These people are easily entertained.

Do they really need 20 copies of 'Cool as Ice'? And more distressing is the fact that all copies were checked out. . Surely there wasn't that many lapses of bad taste in one evening, could there have been?

Another 'fun' thing for me to do is to walk into the local 'Family' video store and ask for a controversial film or some obscure 'B' title from yesteryear. (Perhaps I am also easily entertained.)

Scene: 'Family' oriented video store, the sort that has all employees greet you with mannequin smiles and

'We're really glad you're here' attitude.

You walk five steps and there she is, the over eager teenage counter help, all doe-eyed and lip gloss, ready to assist you in any way possible. This sort of female attention is an ego boost to someone like me who hasn't dated in awhile. Of course I take full advantage of it.

"Oh, yes. You can help me... ah..Kristen. I'm looking for Wim Winders' 'Wings Of Desire'".

Confusion. She's never heard of this film. Panic almost sets in until she has her back up...

"I'll check the computer!" These people would be lost without a computer.

No Wim Winders. I try for 'Mystery Train'. No luck. "Thanks. I didn't think you'd have it."

"Anything else I can help you with?", she says, a smile radiating but you can tell she has no idea of what I am talking about.

"Last Temptation Of Christ?"

Face turns white; I've hit some sort of nerve. "I'm sorry, our chain does not carry that film. We're a family store." The word 'Family' was almost hissed. I knew what I was in for next. "Would you like to speak to my supervisor?" Sure, why not.

A man comes over who would look more at home selling shoes than in charge of a video store. "Is there a problem?", he asks in the 'Please don't leave without renting something' tone of voice.

"No problem. Kristen and I were discussing the film selection of your video store and I noticed that some films are missing from your otherwise fine selections."

He wrings his hands, and I try to be

## ENGLAND'S DREAMING: THE SEX PISTOLS, PUNK ROCK AND BEYOND

One of the most influential albums from the punk era finally went platinum. NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS only took fifteen years to reap this award, but maybe it's better. If it was bringing in the big checks in 1978, Sid would have been able to buy better heroin.

God bless Sire. Re-releasing Johnny Thunders 1978 lp SO ALONE gives them a notch in my book. Hope it's also remastered, and perhaps we can get them to re-release HEARTBREAKERS LIVE AT MAX'S KANSAS CITY.

Okay. Back to the review now in progress...

England's in it's worst unemployment, no one puts faith in figureheads and the time is right for change. No future for you! No Elvis, Beatles or Rolling Stones in 1977! It is now hip to look back on the early days of punk with nostalgia.

England's Dreaming covers the very early years, and keeps the emphasis on British bands, particularly the Sex Pistols.

The book puts a spotlight on Malcolm McClaren and his managerial dictatorship of the Pistols. While Johnny Rotten was trying to make musical violence and anarchy, McClaren was more interested in publicity and press. One fault with the book is that it gives McClaren almost single credit for inventing punk.

This does not stand, and history proves it. The new York Dolls and the Ramones were ending and starting at the same time, and McClaren

took his experience trying to manage the by then self imploding Dolls and the New York influence of the Ramones back to Britain and mold it into the already existing concept of the mid-sixties mods and rockers.

But, to digress is a minor quibble when this book gives you the 'you are there' feeling and provides a valuable discography for key bands.

The Slits. The Clash. The Buzzcocks. Eddie and the Hot Rods. The Damned. Siouxsie and the Banshees. It is staggering to think this movement was going on while here in America Debby Boone and the Bee Gees were the main rage. By the time the movement spread to the masses it was already dying.

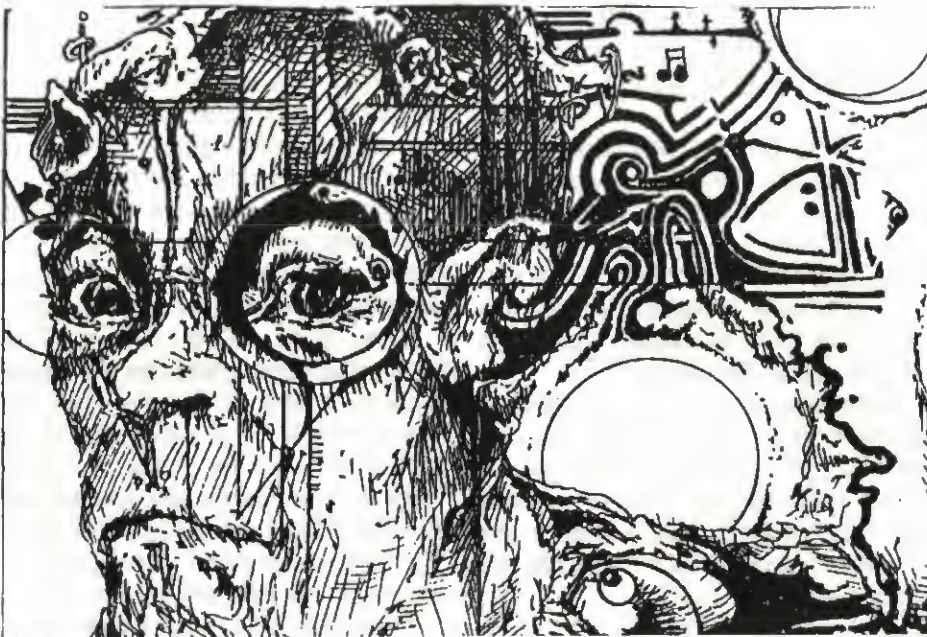
So where does that leave us? It frightens everyone I know. My girlfriend called, and said she dreamed that she was trapped in 1978 hell...the radio station played Yes, Boston, and the new song by Emerson, Lake and Palmer. "They still suck", she muttered.

'Rock is being driven back underground', Paul Westerberg said in an interview last year, and thank God for that. This Nirvana/Pearl Jam /Soundgarden thing might burn out in the mainstream, but keep looking. Go buy some Mudhoney! Swamp Terrorists, Skin Yard, Tad or L7. Be responsible for Christ's sake.

It is to the credit of one passage listed in ENGLAND'S DREAMING that captures the spirit of the movement. A page from one fanzine, simply listing three chords and their positions on the guitar. It stated: this is a chord. So is this. And another. NOW FORM A BAND. Amen to that.

-HEH





ILL. E. SWEET.

**"Insquirmmental" demo '93**  
by: Stan Boman (spell it right, dammit!)

My first thought upon being asked to review this demo was, "How am I supposed to describe something so original?" Plus, like "Psycho-Motor Brian" pointed out, mine is hardly an unbiased opinion, since I'm a loyal Squirm follower, and I would glare broken glass if that's what it took to support these guys! My ads describe their music as "grinding, grungy, aggressive, mind-wrenching hardcore." Another term that comes to mind is "melodic insanity." Their influences, such bands as: Bad Religion, D.R.I., Butthole Surfers, Jimi Hendrix, and Husker Du, shine through in their music, yet they still maintain a level of originality (a surprisingly impressive accomplishment considering the fact that Squirm hails from this desolate wasteland known as Joplin!) combine the above-mentioned influences, inject some psychedelic intensity, and add a touch of brutal humor, and you have Squirm! Relentless bass lines, uncompromising skin-pounding, and bizarre guitar experimentation are what makes Squirm so memorable. There are no vocals on this demo (hence the title), but they now have a vocalist who seems to be working out well for them. I definitely recommend this demo to everyone...guaranteed to reduce your brain to a squirming mush!! It features 10 songs and is available for \$4.00 from: MONSTROSITY DISTRIBUTION, 3611 N. St. Louis, Joplin, Mo., 64801 or contact the band at: GASOLINE ENEMA PRODUCTIONS c/o Bruce Bowerman, 2314 N. Florida, Joplin, Mo. 64801

**The Portable Beat Reader**

(Ed. by Ann Charters, Viking Press)

Often I wonder what has happened to our pop culture today. Looking at our current state of high-gloss would-be journalism, here today, gone later today cultural "movements", and multinational corporations forcing product down the throats of their target audience, I wonder if there is any more room for genuine artistic expression.

Consequently, I was ecstatic when I heard of The Portable Beat Reader, the latest compilation from the literary movement of the mid 50's / early 60's. Compiled by Beat historian Ann Charters, this 500+ page collection covers a lot of ground, including the seminal works by the founding Beats: excerpts from Jack Kerouac's On the Road, the complete version of Allen Ginsberg's Howl, and excerpts from William S. Burroughs' Naked Lunch. (Burroughs, by the way, is currently working with Ministry on a spoken - word - with music project. Ginsberg continues to write poetry in New York. Kerouac is, um, ... dead.)

Also included in TPBR are the works of lesser-known writers, like Herbert Huncke, Neal Casady, and anarchist poet Kenneth Rexroth. As well as the actual writing, biographical sketches are included, and a look into City Limits, the publishing company started by Rexroth, since most of the more avant-garde writings were considered unpublishable by mainstream press. The DIY attitude of the Beat writers tremendously influenced American subculture, including the psychedelic 60's, the punk movement, and even the recent surge of independent 'zines like the one you're

holding. Highly recommended for the soundbyte generation.



ILLUSTRATION:  
Eric Sweet. (93)



*A.I.D.S. KILLS*  
*WOMEN*  
**GUYS, USE A CONDOM**  
**OR BEAT IT!**



**CHARLES AND DI**

**COP A FEEL!**



The County's finest: Hey fella, you're as big as my Maglite—Garcia





June 2, Cowpalace

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